

The Gateway

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man Drinking Song," or what have you. Join with the students throughout the world in observance of International Week by having tea with us on Wednesday.



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, Published by The Students' Union of the University of Alberta

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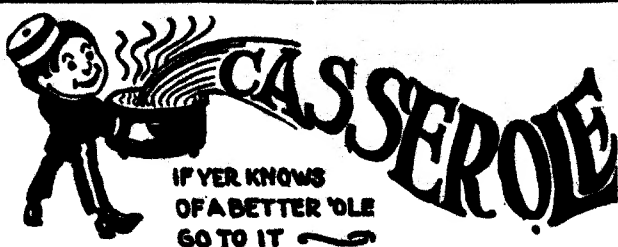
Mr. Julian Huxley, in his lecture at the University, suggested that one need of present day civilization was a better understanding of the use of leisure for all classes. It was suggested that such a problem should be studied scientifically. Unquestionably the tendency is to shorten the working day as well as the number of working days in the week. With the present advance in technical inventions and the increasing efficiency of production, it may be that the time is not far distant when the working man and laborer will be able to earn their livelihood in twenty hours out of the one hundred and sixty-eight in the week. In such a case there would be a very grave problem to be faced. What would all these men do with their time? Would they use it in any profitable occupation, or would it be merely wasted? The average person is not yet ready for any considerable amount of leisure, and still no effort is being made to prepare him. One of the greatest needs of the Canadian people is a bureau to study such social questions.

The University of Alberta has been in existence for twenty-seven years, and yet there is not, in the student body, a very widespread knowledge of the University's history. It is regrettable that such is the case, for a knowledge both of the incidents of that history and of the personalities who figured in it would contribute greatly the "esprit de corps" which it as present so noticeably absent. We feel that an attempt ought to be made to stimulate an interest in the University's past, and it is with this object in view that The Gateway in this and a subsequent issue is reprinting accounts of the lives of two former prominent figures at the University. Lives of these two men, the late Chancellor Stuart and the late Dr. Frank H. Mewburn, appear in the recently published "Standard Dictionary of Canadian Biography," and we think it fitting and timely that these accounts be reproduced in The Gateway, for they are lives of men, who were not only important in the history of this University, but who were also outstanding pioneers in the history of the nation.

AMERICANISM

A shining example of Americanism and sensationalism is the use made by the distributors of news reel photographs of the privilege of making motion pictures in the courthouse at the Hauptmann trial. Recently in Edmonton a reel was shown containing pictures of Mrs. Lindberg on the stand handling and identifying fragments of garments worn by her slain child. Isn't it bad enough for a respectable citizen of a great republic to have the touching little incidents of her grief emblazoned on the country's headlines without having them flashed on the screen in sound and picture in every theatre across the continent? In British jurisdiction the taking of pictures in a courthouse would be adjudged a contempt and the offender severely punished.

Another flagrant example of Americanism, the recent Seth Parker incident, reminds us of the story we studied in the early years of public school of the boy who cried "Wolf," and of the moral that story contained. The schooner "Seth Parker" was sailing in the South Pacific as part of a publicity scheme, and evidently being unsuccessful therein sought to arouse interest by other means. It broadcast a series of S.O.S. calls and sat back to await the result. The cruiser H.M.A.S. Australia, carrying the Duke of Gloucester, rushed to the rescue, only to find the Seth Parker in a calm sea and apparently in no danger. It is reported that later the Seth Parker broadcast to the United States a colorful description of the cruiser standing by with a royal prince aboard and waiting to give aid. Australian reports suggest that the action of the schooner was just a hoax and a publicity stunt. If the ship were not in distress its master unnecessarily abused the unwritten law of the brotherhood of the sea, and should be severely reprimanded by his home government and be refused permission to hold on official position on a vessel bearing



The Sailors Beloved

A gay and handsome sailor man,
Lay on a bed of pain,
All hope had passed; his life ebbed fast,
Ne'er would he rise again.
"Have you no sweetheart fair and true?"
They whisper o'er his bed,
"Whom you would tell a last adieu?"
The young man softly said:

"There's Betty back in Bremerton,
Juanita in Mexico,
There's Sally in Seattle town
And Beatrice in Bordeaux;
At Hampton Roads there's Harriet,
Whom I must surely see;
And Nellie, too, at Newport News,
Please bring them all to me."

The watchers stared in wild surprise,
And then they once more said:
"Come tell us, pray, without delay,
The girl that you adore;
The girl whom you have sworn to love,
And bring both wealth and fame;
Your promised wife—your hope and life,
Quick, let us hear her name."

"There's Lily at Long Beach," he said,
"And Daisy, dear, in 'Diego,'
There's Lucy in Los Angeles,
And Pauline in San Pedro,
Barbara, dear, in Brooklyn,
And Susie in Saint Paul."
The young man sighed, "It's time I died,"
I've sworn to wed them all."

Nancy Evans (rapturously)—The man I marry must be strong—a silent man, a man with grit.
Jimmy Stafford (disgustedly)—What you want is a deaf and dumb ashman.

A travelling salesman visited a small one-horse town (no reference is being made to Calgary—we just received a special wire saying their horse had died) and sold the proprietor of its general store an order of jewellery.

When the jewellery arrived it was not as represented, and the merchant returned it. But the wholesale house, nevertheless, attempted to collect the bill, and drew a sight draft on the merchant through the local bank, which returned the draft unhonored.

The wholesalers then wrote to the postmaster inquiring about the financial standing of the merchant and the postmaster replied laconically that it was "O.K."

By return mail the wholesalers requested him to "hand the enclosed account to the leading lawyer" of the place for collection.

This is the reply they received:
"The undersigned is the merchant on whom you attempted to palm off your worthless goods."

"The undersigned is the postmaster to whom you wrote, and the undersigned is the lawyer whose service you sought to obtain for your nefarious business."

"If the undersigned was not also the pastor of the church at this place, he would tell you to go to Hell!"

When Smith reported for work the day after his wife had presented him with triplets, the boss called him into the office and handed him a silver cup in recognition of the triple blessing he had bestowed upon his country. Smith received the gift in rather an embarrassed manner. "Thanks very much, sir," he said, turning to his employer. "But—er—is this cup mine now, or do I have to win it three years in succession?"

The doctor was summoned to the telephone.
"Come at once!" came an agonized voice at the other end. "My little boy has swallowed my pencil!"
"All right," said the doctor, "I'll come immediately. What are you doing in the meantime?"
"Using my fountain pen."

Mrs. Jones was leaning against the doorpost of her house when her friend, Mrs. Carr happened along, bearing in her arms her twelfth child.

"Hello," said Mrs. Jones to her neighbor, "I see you are around again with another little Carr."

"Yes, another little Carr it is. And as far as I'm concerned, I hope he's the caboose."

the American flag. The moral of the public school story speaks for itself. It is time the American people ceased allowing these propagandists to make fools of them in the eyes of the world.

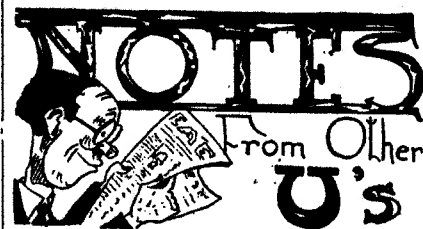
THE CALICO CAT

Have you heard the sad plight of the dragon in the National Zoo at Washington, D.C.? Yes, of course I'm serious—no, you brute, I have not had too much catnip—and who ever heard of a cat being hung-over anyway? There really is a regular rip-snorting dragon with a long pink tongue that darts around so fast you'd think flames were issuing forth just as dangerously as ever they did in the legends. At least there is, if Alexander Woolcott can be relied on, and who is the dastard to deny his reliability? This particular dragon (shall we call it Lizzie—and be done with it?) is one of the giant lizards that are found in a certain portion of the island of Borneo. And Lizzie has good cause to be a Lonely Liz because she is the only one of her family that has managed to survive in captivity. And now we come to the sad part of our tale. Being naturally a home-loving soul, Liz missed her nice slimy cave in Borneo, and when she started thinking of all her brother and sister dragons it was too much. She began to pine away. Winter was coming on—and she wouldn't eat a thing. The keeper was worried. He bethought himself of modern science, and what do you suppose he bethought? He had grown so fond of Liz he felt as though she were an ailing child, and then the master thought struck his master mind. What would he give a child that refused to eat? Sulphur and molasses? No. A good rawhiding? Well, not in this particular case. But of course—Squibb's Special—the Pride of Norway—the Horror of Childhood—Cod-Liver Oil. So Liz was fed her oil—and she thrived on it. Her eyes grew brighter, her tongue flashed happily—food became something to be anticipated—and her keeper felt a weight, an enormous weight, lifted. Now Liz is cheerfully enjoying daily rations of fish oil and basks regularly under a violet ray Sun-Lamp, and the National Zoo is beaming because it is so clever and so exclusive. But just imagine the poor dragon—cod liver oil three times a day, without benefit of capsules.

Long, long ago when I was a dear little thing with no lectures to skip and no column to fill, I had a rabbit. That in itself is not startling, I confess—really hardly worth mentioning—the really vital thing about it is that gambling on the green (I must have been a bit of a lamb as well), stroking his silky fur, etc., etc., left a definite mark on me. Ever since, large ears and pink eyes, wherever I meet them, result in complete and devastating nostalgia. In idle moments I have contemplated writing an ode or two to the dear deceased—but have never quite managed to get beyond the contemplative stage. My failure, however, hasn't made me bitter. Oh! no! Quite the contrary. To this very day, my heart leaps up when I behold a sonnet on a hare. Ogden Nash's masterpiece of condensation:

This is rabbits
But not of better habits.
has kept me going for year—and just now, when the effects were beginning to wear off, writing in the New Yorker, Mildred Weston has fulfilled all suppressed desires by her:

A WORD TO RABBITS
All summer long
With pirate ease
You stole my lettuce,
Filched my peas,
So now
I buy a lapkin skin
To wrap
My indignation in.



Co-ed Week Announcement

A step into the dark. Down through the pages of time they have come trooping. Almost every advance of civilization was a step into the dark; a blind, hazardous plunge into the unknown. There is something tense, gripping, pregnant, about beginning a venture the outcome of which can only be vaguely guessed at; something deliciously horrible, like falling off a cliff in a dream and waiting expectantly for the landing. Columbus took a step into the dark; so did Martin Luther; so did Kaiser Wilhelm—and so does the Brunswickian.

It's here! Co-ed week. The social injunctions and conventionalities that have existed since the Cave Man are to be laid aside for one week. From January 21st to January 28th, WOMAN IS TO DATE MAN.

The rules are simple. Please follow them:

1. Any woman may date any man in the university.
2. Any man may date any woman as usual.
3. A woman dating a man must be prepared to bear all expenses.
4. Any man being asked for a date must agree to allow the woman to bear the expense. His only alternative will be to go Dutch Treat.
5. Any man receiving such a date must accept unless he has some good reason for not accepting. Any woman asking for a date and being refused without a good reason has the right to consider herself offended.

There you are, girls. You asked for it!—Brunswickian.

Male date seekers at Northwestern University can save themselves trouble if they investigate the prospect first to see if she wears a little yellow ribbon pinned to her dress. That ribbon signifies she is a member of the Cloister Club, an organization of girls whose boy friends are not on the campus, and that she does not desire the attentions of any other man.—Manitoba.

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Ottawa.—Speaking at a luncheon, a man well known in Parliamentary circles, today stated: "Members of Parliament are just like the rest of you people." The Canadian Citizens' League is taking steps to force the offender to retract this insulting statement.—Brunswickian.

We will consider a limited number of selected students experienced in circulation work; will also consider experienced Team Captain for Trip-Around-the-World this summer. We represent all select National Publications of International appeal. For details write giving previous experience.

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THE PENITENT

I had a little Sorrow,
Born of a little Sin,
I found a room all damp with gloom
And shut us all within;
And, "Little Sorrow, weep," said I,
"And, Little Sin, pray God to die,
And I upon the floor will lie
And think how bad I've been!"

Alas for pious planning—
It mattered not a whit!
As far as gloom went in that room,
The lamp might have been lit!
My Little Sorrow would not weep,
My Little Sin would go to sleep—
So save my soul I could not keep
My graceless mind on it!

So up I got in anger,
And took a book I had,
And put a ribbon on my hair
To please a passing lad.
And, "One thing there's no getting
by—
I've been a wicked girl," said I;
"But if I can't be sorry, why
I might as well be glad!"

—Edna St. Vincent Millay.

FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING

Is my phiz a torrid scarlet?
Are my ears an ochre red?
For I innocently uttered
Something someone else had said.

Feeble protestations falter
On each trembling, guilty lip;
Had I scanned with care each Gateway,
I had never made that slip.

What is left in life for those ones
Who, unlearned in ancient lore,
Write their lines to meet the crushing
Retort, "It's been done before!"

Tho' I flee the haunts of mankind;
Tho' my head hangs low in shame;
I maintain, despite all squelching,
I abhor a "Just Arts" dame.

DARING YOUNG MAN

(Special to The Gateway)

Varsity Tuck Shop was treated to a show Wednesday night when a brave and bold young gentleman (?) from St. Stephen's College, attired in evening clothes (pajamas to you) walked calmly into Tuck and ordered a cup of coffee. Tuck Shop business was so increased by this display (excessive patronage at this point by mugs from St. Steve's) that the daring young man (Ken MacKenzie by name) got a piece of pie on the Tuck, and probably some on his pajamas. After a general laugh and a hand-clap by an appreciative audience, especially those just come from the Philosophical, the pajama-clad youngster gathered up his dressing-gown, wrapped it tightly around him and departed. As a conclusion, we say that what was probably most important to him, he won his bet.

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CO-ED COLUMNS

NEW CANADIAN "WHO WAS WHO"

Lives of the Late Chancellor Stuart and the Late Dr. F. H. Mewburn in New Publication

(Through the efforts of Charles G. D. Roberts, the Canadian poet, there has recently been published "A Standard Dictionary of Canadian Biography: Vol. I." It is in effect a Canadian "Who Was Who" for the years 1875 to 1933, and is an invaluable record of the lives of outstanding Canadians. The book should be of special interest to students of the University of Alberta, inasmuch as it contains accounts of the lives of two men formerly connected with the University. They are the late Chancellor Charles A. Stuart and the late Dr. Frank H. Mewburn, the accounts of whose lives were written for this publication by Dr. E. K. Broadus, of the Department of English. The following extract is the account of Chancellor Stuart's life; that of Dr. Mewburn will appear in the following issue.—Ed.)

THE LATE CHANCELLOR STUART

By E. K. Broadus

STUART, CHARLES ALLAN (1864-1926), son of Charles Stuart, from Blair Atholl, Perthshire, Scotland, and Hannah Campbell from Morpeth, England, was born in Burwell Road, Caradoc, Middlesex county, Ontario, 3rd August, 1864. From the Strathroy High School he entered the University of Toronto, obtaining his B.A., with honours in political economy and classics, and the gold medal in classics, in 1891. Graduation brought him to the parting of the ways. Had he chosen to devote himself to the classics, he would have become a great teacher and probably a productive scholar in that field. The classics were to be his beloved avocation for the rest of his life, but he elected the law. He obtained his LL.B. from the University of Toronto in 1894. Appointed to a fellowship in Columbia N.Y., he returned after a year's absence to his alma mater as fellow and lecturer in constitutional history. He was called to the Bar (Ontario) in 1896. He yielded to the lure of the west, established himself in Calgary, was called to the Bar of the North-West Territories, and began the practice of law in 1897. Threatened with tuberculosis, he spent a year in Mexico, returning to Calgary to resume practice in 1900. In that year he entered into partnership with James Short, K.C., under the firm-name of Short and Stuart. In 1901 he married Beatrice, daughter of the late William E. Roxburgh, barrister, of Norwood, Ontario.

Stuart sat for Gleichen (Liberal) in the first Alberta legislature (1905) until 8 October, 1906, when he was appointed to the Supreme Court of the North-West Territories, which under the Alberta Act of 1905 administered law in Alberta until the provincial legislature erected its own courts in 1907. On 16 September, 1907, he was appointed to the newly formed Supreme Court of Alberta.

When the University of Alberta was established in 1908, he was elected chancellor, continuing in that office till his death. In 1910 he was appointed a special lecturer in constitutional history at the University of Alberta. In 1915, the University of Toronto conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.

In 1921, the structure of Supreme Court of Alberta was changed, to consist of a Trial Division and an Appellate Division. Stuart was thereupon appointed to the Appellate Division. Many of his judgments were notable—notable for their learning, especially whenever a constitutional point was involved; notable for the precision and elegance of his style, frequently interspersed with apt classical quotations; notable for elaboration of detail, and not infrequently it must be admitted, for their prolixity. He could not be satisfied merely to record his findings. He knew no short cuts. His judgments were ratiocinative processes, arguments with himself, recorded "currente calamo." With his characteristic self-exposing humour, he mocked at his own habit: "Don't you remember the book I wrote on that subject?" he would say to his fellow-judges of some of these cases; but the habit of prolixity continued unabated.

Of his career as trial judge before he was transferred to the Appellate Division, it has been said that his findings of fact were generally more open to criticism than his conclusions of law. He was perhaps not a very good judge of human nature. Beneath his brusqueness of manner he was very tender-hearted. He was so honest himself that he found it difficult to attribute dishonesty. He was frequently swayed by his sympathy with the under-dog. And as a trial judge he was given to ignoring the arguments of counsel and basing his judgment on a quite independent line of thought which he had worked out for himself. On the bench he was a blend of brusqueness and kindness—sharp in reproof of pleaders who strayed from the point, quick then to soften his asperity. "I must remember" (he would remind himself, in the words of Lord Justice Fry) "to give benignant and receptive listening to each side; and when hearing young counsel I must remember how great a pleasure a kind word from the bench has been to me in former years." Lawyers feared him—and loved him.

In his daily contacts, he was reticent, modest to the point of shyness, and withal quaintly humorous. He liked to tell of the thrill which his appointment to the Supreme Court gave him, and how promptly the bubble of his conceit was pricked. The news was in the morning papers. "They will say 'Good morning, my lord,'" he thought to himself, as he walked from his home to the courthouse. The first person he met was the janitor. "Hello, Charley," said the janitor.

Stuart's reticence, his shyness, his air of abstraction covered though they could not conceal, an intense personality. A Liberal in politics, a democrat in spirit, a champion of the under-dog alike in his legal judgments and in his social and political thinking, he was a born fighter. His ruling passion was his Canadianism. He was a Nationalist—with a difference. "I repudiate the idea," he said, "that competition between nations is the Divine order of the world or the law of life and progress. On the contrary I believe it to be the law of death, as the Great War came within an ace of proving." But it irked him bitterly that his beloved Canada should not be self-contained. He deplored what he called the inferiority of the Canadian elector to the British elector—the right of the British Crown, through its elected advisers, to impose upon Canada a governor-general of their choice; the right of the British Crown to choose ambassadors for Canada; most especially the reference from the Supreme Court to the English Privy Council in matters of law. He contended that "the existence of an external legal authority" produces "a weakening of the fibre of our political thinking." He fought for his conception of Canadianism in season and out of season, long before the Imperial Conferences of the Statute of Westminster made their hesitant moves toward the kind of Dominion independence for which he contended, and he continued his fight for it to the end of his life.

There remains one aspect of Stuart yet to be considered—his service as chancellor of the University of Alberta. A university newly established in a province just beginning to find itself as a political and social entity presents problems beyond the conception of old institutions in highly developed communities. The rôle of chancellor is seldom more than formal and advisory. The president and faculty bear the brunt. Stuart was not in the worldly sense a shrewd and practical man. But he brought to his task of advising, an idealism, an abiding conviction of the value of traditional methods of education, a love of learning for its own sake, which were an invaluable counter-balance in an institution so

WHAT DO YOU REMEMBER?

Vague, uneasy rumors have been whispered around. The gay insouciance of the Juniors fades before their vindictive intent. Seniors looked amused, amazed incredulity. For, next year, and what a wealth of difference that little "next" makes, next year one hears that the horror of the comprehensive examination may be introduced to the graduating class.

Surely our professors are only too well versed in that Machiavellian art to allay any fears that it might be easy. What can anyone remember out of Philosophy 2 except an unhappy maze of Logic—or out of German Grammar except that the verb "to die" is an active one—or of our sheet upon sheet of notes on Romantic poetry little but a few venomous thoughts on Wordsworth.

Theoretically, these exams are an excellent idea. But they are too sophisticated for us. They regard education as education. Just what we regard it as, it is difficult to say, but it certainly isn't that. And should these exams come into effect we offer our sincerest condolences to those who must plunge a reluctant hand into their heterogeneous mass of knowledge, fearful of pulling out, not a plum, but a lemon.

And the professors will join little Audrey and laugh and laugh and laugh.

exposed to the temptation of becoming merely expedient and time-serving. And in his formal duties, in presiding at convocation and other such occasions.

(Continued on Page Four)

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PRINCESS THEATRE, Sat., Mon. and Tues., Feb. 18, 19—Shirley Temple in "Bright Eyes."

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Annual Ski Club Meet To Be Held This Sunday

VARSLITY AND ESKIMO CLUBS TO COMPETE

The annual ski jump meet of the Eskimo Ski Club will be held in co-operation with the University Ski Club on Sunday, Feb. 17, at the Varsity hill. Out-of-town clubs from Camrose and other points near Edmonton are sending in teams, and the finest jumping Edmonton has seen since 1920 will be exhibited this week-end.

The University Club has some very promising jumpers in its ranks, and

although they have not had the experience, many of the members of the older clubs have had, it is expected they will put in a fine showing.

A great deal of work has been done by the University club at the hill, and now it is possible, with experience and luck, to jump all of one hundred feet. A tower was built last fall out of native timber with the aid of members from two overtown clubs, and at the beginning of this month the Eskimo Ski Club financed a ten-foot addition, making the tower now over twenty feet high.

The car road is open now, and a parking place will be cleared large enough to accommodate all the cars. The shortest way to reach the jump by car is to follow Saskatchewan Drive out past Mayfair hill. Walking out, there is a path going directly west from Athabasca Hall. Snow will be hauled in wagons to cover the hill, and a good fast run is ensured even if it is above freezing. Turn out on Sunday at 2:30 and get the biggest thrill of your life.

Dance Tonight

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SATURDAY NIGHT

Admission: Ladies 25c, Men 35c

Varsity Downs Lacombe In Intermediate Playoff

MAYBANK BACK IN NETS AGAIN

By Cecil Jackman
(Special Reporter)

Showing a vastly improved attack and a two-man defence that could "take it" and give it out when necessary, Varsity defeated Lacombe 2-1 Wednesday night on Lacombe ice.

If one may be presumptuous enough to forecast events, the green and gold will be intermediate champs of the province. It is a bit early to prophesy, but after the systematic effort of our team on Wednesday night that conclusion looks like a good gamble.

Though still wearing what, in the dimly lighted interior of the rink, looked like a well known brand of corn plaster on his upper lip, Ralph Maybank was back, turning back what rubber filtered through to the goal-mouth.

Although a vastly different aggregation to that which Leduc trotted out here, Lacombe's combination efforts failed to solve Varsity's defence, individual plays being their chief threat for the first part of the game at least. Their efforts of the last period were better organized, but Varsity, playing according to the old maxim that a strong offensive is the best defence, held them out.

The green and gold drooped and faded like the proverbial lily in the third period, a condition which persisted long enough to give one of the local boys a chance to make good. Penman, a Lacombe pedagogue, gave some of his youthful charges a reason to ask "Mama" for a throat wash when he did a "Rumba" through the entire Varsity team and deposited the wafer far out of reach of the agile Mr. Maybank.

For a while it appeared that Coach Al Wilson would need a gargle of a different color, but he rehabilitated his forces in time to pluck the Lacombe counter-attack in the bud.

Here's how the goals happened, and as the score suggests they happened in bunches of one. Lacombe appeared at first to be a bit awed by either Dunlap or the color of the Varsity uniforms, and worked on the presumption that the best way to keep the puck out of the net was to keep six men in.

Rosie "Duke" Ferguson showed the obvious weakness of that system after ten minutes of (to the uninitiated) interesting hockey.

Finding no other way out of it, one of the Lacombe players decided to get his name on the official sheet by "getting his man" in a rather unorthodox fashion. The campus contingent was beginning to wonder what the referee was carrying that whistle for. The boys were having to make their off-sides of the most glaring variety in order to get relief. Once a Lacombe player shot on goal from outside the blue line with four of his men inside it without an official reprimand.

At the beginning of the second period a Stark-Dunlap-Ferguson effort resulted in the first mentioned netting the puck. It was after that that the Varsity spirit well to the aforementioned state of listless lethargy and permitted Penman to score.

Nothing eventful happened in the final period in the way of scoring. Lacombe launched several three-man attacks that fell short of the mark. They seemed to have the angle of incidence and reflection of a puck on each plank figured out and played for rebounds that never came. Duke Ferguson tried to emulate King Arthur's sword trick when he shoved his hockey wand through the side of the rink and tried to extricate it. Unlike the sword in the anvil none might budge it though, and forthwith Merlin appeared and brought him a new stick.

How We Did It

Lacombe—Craigie, goal; Hoppers, E. Calkins, defence; Penman, centre; McCaugharty, Brooks, Wilson, Todd, L.

New Canadian 'Who Was Who'

(Continued from Page Three)

sions, he contributed to these ceremonies a quality which, but for him, might have been absent. He was not a fluent speaker. He usually mislaid or disordered his notes before he was well started. He spoke hesitantly with long pauses. But a belief in whatsoever things are true and honest and of good report, a fineness as of the scholar dedicate, shone through all that he said. Stumblingly said, it was always ultimately well said, and amid the vaporings of orators and the empty velleities of politicians, what he said was always what was remembered.

Stuart died on the 6th of March, 1926, and was buried in the Union Cemetery, Calgary. He was survived by his widow and by three sons: Alan Roxburgh, Charles Eric and Gerald Campbell. His portrait was painted by Frederick Varley and hangs in the senate chamber of the University of Alberta.

CO-ED BASKETBALL IN FULL SWING

Women senior hoopers are endeavoring to stage a "come-back." Coach McIntyre informs us that they have now changed their defence system from "zone" to "man-to-man." The last two practices have been spent in trying out their new plans against the boys' basketball team. Their games Saturday and Tuesday, we hope, will show us the long promised successful women's team.

The intermediate team are also striving to show us that their season's play has brought results. With Captain Margaret Clayton at the head, strongly supported by Irene James, Joan Hudson, Margaret Sutton and Grace Watt, they hope to score their second victory over Hallway's "All Stars" next Tuesday evening at Athabasca gym.

Last, but not least, are the House Leaguers, who have been turning out the last week in full force to play for the ever-famous house league cup. So far Gwen White's "Evergreens" have stood out as the possible winners. Winners or not, the fun of the game is shown by their flashing smiles and loudly shouted "atta girl" and "good work."

HOUSE LEAGUE BASKETBALL

Gwen White's Evergreens won two victories during the week, when on Tuesday night the game against the Nurses went 16-9 in their favor, and on Thursday night they chalked up a second victory against the Arrows with a score of 17-5.

The fourth game of the series will take place Thursday next at 7:30, Nurses vs. Arrows.

SCIENCE vs. AG-COM-LAW

By virtue of a 2-0 win over the Ag-Com-Law men on Monday night, the Science men stepped decidedly into the lead of the "A" division.

The game was fast and even throughout, and only one minor penalty was given which is pretty fair for the Science team especially for Horace "Sissy" Boles. Bothwell opened the scoring in the second period on a pretty individual effort which Tomkins had no chance to save. The Ag-Com-Law men put up a desperate effort in the third period in an attempt to even matters, but Lees put the game on ice for the Science, banging home the puck in a scramble. The game brings Charlie Devaney's shutouts up to five, with only an even dozen goals scored on him during the entire season. Referee—Bob Gibson.

ARTS vs. PHARM-DENTS

Pharm-Dents hit their stride again on Monday night, after a series of losses and ties, when they handed the Arts men a 5-2 setback. The loss definitely puts the Arts team out of the play-offs, leaving it to the Science, Pharm-Dents and Ag-Com-Law to fight it out.

The game was even for the first two periods, and it was only in the third period that the Arts team really collapsed. With a deficit of one goal, the Artsmen, in an attempt to tie up matters, were caught up the ice on several occasions, enabling the Pharm-Dents to pile up five goals.

Kendall proved to be the most effective man for the Pharm-Dents with two goals and an assist. The credit for the prettiest goal of the evening goes to McCullough, who made a beautiful goal on an individual rush. Jennijohn and Johnstone accounted for the Pharm-Dents remaining goals. Smith collected both Arts' goals, while Darrah collected an assist.

STUDENTS SHOULD READ THE NEW BOOK

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CO-ED PUCKSTERS TIE WITH MUTTARTS

Dominion Champs Whip Varsity 2-0

Last Friday night the Varsity ice belles met the Rustlers in an exhibition game at Jasper Place. The Rustlers are the formidable women's champions of the Dominion, but our little pucksters stood right up to them. Until the last minutes of play the champions had scored only one goal. Another goal was chalked up just before the bell rang.

In a previous game the Muttarts lost to the Rustlers 5-0, so our co-eds are still to be congratulated.

Tuesday night the Muttarts played Varsity at Cloverdale. The ice was soft and other technicalities were not in their favor, but the co-eds held their opponents down to no score. In the last period the Muttarts broke through for a single goal. Then from the side Jane Laidlaw manoeuvred the puck to even the score. When time was up it was still 1-1, indicative of the play in the game.

The next game is scheduled for Tuesday. It will be the deciding factor. Watch those posters and turn out to help our team win the league.

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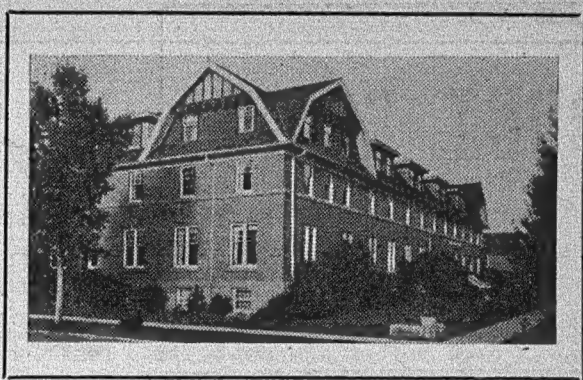
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VARSIITY MEETS LACOMBE HERE TOMORROW NIGHT

EVERGREEN & GOLD BEFORE COUNCIL

Future Midwinter Dances May Be Abolished

The Students' Council of the University of Alberta gathered last night in the library of St. Joseph's College to ponder over many weighty matters and to do practically nothing about them. The appointed hour was seven-thirty, but when the clock struck the half-hour only two members were in sight. Came 7:45, and then Mr. Bierwagen, and at 7:55 almost exactly it was discovered that there was a quorum present. Ev Borgal was the last to enter, and he found the tables strewn with pictures and proofs from the Evergreen and Gold. The meeting was called to order. It was then discovered that there were no minutes. It appears that the secretary asked the president to bring them and the president brought the wrong ones, but lost them anyway.

"Blimey" Hutton, representing "Woman Hater" Bishop, gave a report of the progress being made on the Year Book. All advance notices are very favorable indeed, the book being a full two weeks ahead of the schedule set by last year's book. In addition to this, there is an increase of material for presentation, and the points criticized last year are being rectified in so far as is possible. At this moment the Council witnessed the arrival of Willie Epstein. The matter of epitaphs beside the pictures in the Year Book was discussed, upon which Dick Burns vouchsafed the statement "sentimental drive." Blimey was then plied with questions from all members present, some of which he answered, others he did not. Someone remarked that today was St. Valentine's Day, and Master Tuck burst out with the information that two valentines had been delivered at the Union office, one to Arthur Bierwagen and the other to Ralph Adshad. It appeared that Larry Bergman also received a valentine.

When the matter of accommodation for offices was broached, Mr. Bierwagen suggested in a rather cynical tone of voice that in a few years no doubt the Year Book would have a splendid suite of offices in the Student Union building. The executive of the Year Book are convinced that the book this year will be the best ever, and well able to compete with any other university in Canada and even some of the United States universities for the best Year Book published.

The Song Committee presented its report, and the information that a new song had been found. The Council adjourned to the nearest piano for an audition. This immediately brought the House Committee, resplendent in blazer and eyeshade, on the run, but he came, he heard and he was conquered. Indeed, the whole Council was fascinated by the tune, and returned to the Council chamber humming the rather striking strains of "Quaecumque Vena."

While the merits and disadvantage of the song were being discussed, Tuck got it right from Marg Smith that she had not sent the valentine to the president.

There followed a heated argument between Epstein, Bierwagen, McIntosh and others, in which Epstein called Borgal an analytical jurisprudent.

In the matter of the Gowns Committee, majority had it that the matter be dropped. The committee on class organization was appointed, the president, the treasurer and the secretary of the Union and the president of the senior class.

At this point the departure of Tuck and Epstein left President Bierwagen without a quorum, but this was returned when "Sound Effects" Casper re-entered.

The next item on the agenda was "Spiking of formal dances and inter-year plays." Mr. Bierwagen hastened to explain that it was the dates which were referred to, not the punch at the Undergrad. Much discussion centred on this problem, which was finally solved by a readjustment of the dates for the big events during the year, which dates were to be presented to the Committee on Student Affairs with the recommendation that they be adopted. It was also suggested that the Midwinter be left out in future years.

MacIntosh identified a rumbling noise as Ed McCormick playing marbles. Council did not vote on the question.

At this point the Council was entertained by Messrs. Borgal and Donald, who were rehearsing the new song to themselves out loud.

The proposed dates for the formal affairs sponsored by the University were decided upon and will be announced later. From this period on the discussion took a more technical vein, so The Gateway had to amuse itself with a few casual observations. One of these was that Casper was not smoking a cigar as usual. It then became apparent that Casper and Bergman were also enchanted by the tune of the theme song of the evening, as they too commenced to hum and whistle it, with little or no success according to the listener's opinion of their musical talents.

STUDENT PROGRAM

On Thursday, Feb. 21, at 4:30 p.m., in M-142, the students will have an opportunity to hear a message from each of seven countries. The following names and countries are included in this program, sponsored by the International Relations Club:

Chas. Perkins—France.
R. Massole—Italy.
Ernest Rands—Germany.
E. Y. Wing—China.
T. Karpoff—Russia.
N. Yamaoka—Japan.
R. Coughlin—U.S.A.

This will be an open meeting to which the general public is invited.



The students of Mount Royal College offer Jack Stevenson their most sincere congratulations and felicitations on his recent embarkation on the matrimonial deep. We refer Jack to page 26 of the January edition of the Good Housekeeping Magazine.

On February 22 an illustrated lecture will be given in the College Auditorium by Mr. Brian Cook. Mr. Cook is travelling in Canada as a guest of the National Council of Education, and his address on "The Heritage of England," illustrated by pictures of landscapes, villages, inns, cathedrals, and scenes from London, promises to be very interesting.

Duncan Campbell must be going in for aphorisms. His latest are: (1) There's a gap in my soul, (2) To the Cross I cling.

For the first time the M.R.C. Junior College Players entered a play in the Provincial Dramatic Festival. The vehicle chosen was "The Second Visit," under the direction of Miss B. Lockerie and Miss I. Rasmussen, who is to be complimented upon her characterization in a difficult role.

This week has been the S.C.M. week in the universities throughout the Dominion. On Tuesday at chapel service Archdeacon Swanson addressed the student body. He pointed out that the S.C.M. stood for intellect in religion and religion in intellect. Archdeacon Swanson is a very fine speaker, and his short talk was appreciated by the students.

On Wednesday noon Dr. Paton gave the first lecture in his series, "The Historical Background of the Scriptures." He discussed the early Chaldean civilization and its relation to Scriptural incidents.

Students' Note: The Alumni of the U. of A. invite all M.R.C. students to the Bowness Golf Club Saturday, Mar. 9. Good orchestra, special features. Tickets \$1.50 per couple.

A REPLY TO MILITANT CO-EDS

(Editor's Note: This literary outburst was occasioned by articles appearing in recent issues of The Gateway from a feminine pen belittling man, his thoughts, desires and sports.)

In the Roman school beauty was thought to be "multitude in unity." In our modern co-educational college some students of both sexes have examined the traits and habits of their co-students of the opposite gender with a stress on peculiarities like to that of the man who could not see the forest for the trees. The records of such studies reported in The Gateway make one suspect defective powers of perception on the part of the student, or perhaps a bubbish reportorial sense, or nonsense.

An examination of a single petal will not reveal the beauty of the rose, nor does the touch of a thorn destroy one's appreciation of the rose bush. No thanks for a petal, but many thanks for the rose. Damn the briar, but my love to the rose bush, briar and all. And so with our whimsies, boasts, galletries, and deceptions, masculine or feminine or common gender.

The thorn and petal may not be interchangeable or equal or one superior to the other. They are units of the multitude in unity, which makes beauty.

Let the gentlemen assume the right to take ladies to dances. Let the ladies powder their noses and chatter about their dates, past and future. They will.

The Fiery Cross is being flashed before each student, the meeting place Examination Hall, the time all too soon. We must leave the pleasant exercise of baiting the bears or the beauties, and answer the call of our clan to battle with our professors.

The Varsity hockey team plays its second game in the series with Lacombe in the second round of the provincial intermediate hockey playdowns at the Varsity Rink here tomorrow night. After coming out of the first game at Lacombe on Wednesday night with a 2-1 victory, the Varsity team seems to be well on the way to a win in this series, and has a good chance to cop the intermediate championship. Varsity took the Leduc series by a score of 11-2 on the round, with a 7-0 victory on their home ice. Although the green and gold squad was held to a close score at Lacombe in the opener, they should be able to turn in a good game at home with good support. Let's see a crowd out to cheer the Bears on their way to their first provincial championship.

Cameron Speaks On "The Prospect for Youth"

LIVELY DISCUSSION FOLLOWS PHILOSOPHY MEETING

The fifth meeting of the Philosophical Society was held in Convocation Hall last Wednesday evening, at which a paper, "The Prospect for Youth," was read by Mr. D. E. Cameron.

In introducing his subject, Mr. Cameron spoke of the present youth as a benediction to the stolid middle-aged man; a blessing to be treated with affection, and to whom it was advisable to counsel rather than caution. Youth, he said, had persuaded itself that it was generous, realistic and courageous, that it made history, but the

experience can not take up the work that should have been performed by war veterans.

The speaker felt that the economic prospect was very poor for the youth of today. Everywhere there was a lot of talk, but very little direct result. Youth deserved more than could be offered, due to the aftermath of war.

In conclusion, Mr. Cameron made three general observations—the first, that society had a demand on youth other than leading the world to higher levels. Society demanded that youth be educated to increasing standards, that harmful individualities be ironed out, that youth be taught reasonableness and understanding so that leadership might be expected when demanded.

The second, that youth should attach itself to a political party, in which it might benefit the country and world. To high-souled men military organizations were stifling, but political leadership was necessary and could be attained by constructive study of political ideals. The third observation was directed to youth who felt no interest in social service. The work of youth in this field must be entirely reconnaissance, as the battle is being fought by able soldiers, and youth should not drain its potential strength doing work other than society demanded.

Particular points of the speaker's generalizations were challenged by members of the student body. The fact that Mr. Cameron did not speak in detail about the economic situation was severely criticized, also his advice to students interested in politics. In reply Mr. Cameron pointed out that the troubles today were merely intensified over previous years, work was not plentiful in past ages, nor was political leadership of the best. The speaker counselled all young people present to be ready to serve society when they should be called upon; to be ready to lead the world from economic disorder; to be prepared to end the bankruptcy of statesmanship; to accumulate knowledge because only through that would come youth's appreciation of the struggle for life and liberty, and their chance of participation in furthering it.

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TAKING THE STANDINGS COMMITTEE BY THE HORNS

With mid-term exams in the offing may we suggest the following course of action to those who feel the shadow of the Standings Committee hanging over them. When the fateful day arrives it would behoove one to dress in black and dunk his head in the flour bin. We do not suggest that boys should powder their noses, but it is well to appear subdued, and even though you do feel low, a pale but willing victim to higher education. Now when Mr. Burchill's famous King Kong frown directs its voltage at your humble personage, be nonchalant, and before you shrink entirely out of sight place before him some suitable peace offering such as an apple, a few daisies you have picked with your own hands, or even a lock of your hair. (Boys who do not wish to spoil their coiffure might substitute one from their chest.) His heart softened, Mr. Burchill will say, "You poor child, how did this happen?" Doing your best to look childish and lowering your eyelids reply that you are a victim of circumstance. State that you imbibed too much of Gus's too's and that you didn't find much time to study between burps. Mr. Burchill will understand, he also being an addict to said drink, will say that you are overworked and need recreation such as walking your dogs around the block or a dance floor. As you leave this noble committee he will pat you on the back and more than likely ask you to come and have tea with him some afternoon.

Footnote: Those who feel slighted because they have not received invitations to attend the Standings Committee may obtain special permission from Dr. Kerby and Miss Carrick.

ODE ON A NEAR PROSPECT OF EXAMS

Why so pale and wan, fond student?
Prithee, why so pale?
When looking well you cannot pass them.
Looking ill, you'll fail.

Why so sleepy-eyed, young sinner?
Prithee, why so glum?
If cramming all night long can't pass you,
You really must be dumb.
But prithee, why so glum?

Quit, quit, for shame! Unwanted labor
Will only shake you,
And jumble any thoughts you have
Till they forsake you.

STUDENT SUNDAY SERVICE

On Sunday, Feb. 17, Dr. Ross Collins will preach on "Liberal Christianity" in Convocation Hall at 11 a.m. Professor Nichols is in charge of the music and Dr. J. MacGregor will be the soloist.

LOST

Garver & Hanson's Principles of Economics; left in Room 311 Arts. Finder please phone G. Burton, 32154.

I.R.C. HEARS DR. SONET

The regular meeting of the International Relations Club was held at the home of Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Collins on Tuesday evening.

"France Since the War" was the subject chosen by Dr. Sonet, the speaker for the meeting. In a most interesting and comprehensive manner, he outlined the various internal developments in France since the war, and their relations to the neighboring countries, especially Germany and England. Dr. Sonet's talk formed the basis of a very lively discussion, which concluded the meeting.

VARSIITY AND GLENCOE CLUBS SHARE HONORS

Southerners Take Three Titles, While Students Bring Back Two

At the annual Provincial Badminton Tournament held in Calgary last weekend, the University Club shared the honors with the Glencoe Club of Calgary. Although the Varsity team did not show up as well as was expected, they nevertheless brought back two titles, while the southerners won the remaining three crowns.

In the ladies' events, Barbara Jarman emerged victorious from the ladies' singles, beating Doreen Clapperton, a budding star from the Glencoe Club. In the doubles the Varsity team went down fighting, when Lollie Ellis and Doreen Clapperton beat out Barb Jarman and Peggy Aiken.

The men's events all went to the Glencoe Club, David Clapperton edging Guy Morton and Red Cooper out of the men's singles, while Keith Gibson and Bill Pentland took the doubles honors after beating Mitchell and Cooper in one of the fastest games of the tourney.

The second title to be won by Varsity was that of the mixed doubles, when Fraser Mitchell and Peggy Aiken beat Barb Jarman and Red Cooper in the final heat of the meet. This match was regarded by all spectators as the fastest game ever played in the Glencoe colosseum.

INTERNATIONAL WEEK FEB. 17-21

Features Student Service, International Tea, Illustrated Lecture, Student Symposium

Have the universities led the thinking of the world in the matter of international good-will? Where else shall we turn to find world outlook instead of national prejudice and consideration for the rights of the individual regardless of country or creed?

It is for the purpose of promoting a better understanding among the nationalities represented on the campus that the S.C.M. and the International Relations Club unite in sponsoring International Week. Students in other universities all over the world will be carrying on similar activities during the coming week.

Student Service
Sunday, Feb. 17, is the Universal Day of Prayer, and a special service will be held in Convocation Hall at 11 p.m. Dr. Ross Collins will speak on "Liberal Christianity." Dr. John MacGregor will sing and Mr. L. H. Nichols will be at the organ.

International Tea
On Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 20, Convocation Hall will be transformed into a very cosmopolitan sitting room. Girls in national costumes will serve foods that have found favor in many lands. A program of national music and dances will remind you of the composite nature of our Canadian culture. Mrs. R. C. Wallace will be hostess on this occasion and Eddie Wing will act as chairman.

Modern Japan
On Wednesday evening, Feb. 20, in Med 142, Ernie Yamaoka will present motion pictures of life as it is in Japan today. This set of pictures is considered very valuable and up-to-date, and will be well worth seeing.

Student Symposium
The International Relations Club will present a student symposium on Thursday, Feb. 21, at 4:30 p.m. in M-142. Short talks will be given by the following: Ernest Rands (Germany), Ted Karpoff (Russia), "Chuck" Perkins (France), Roger Coughlin (United States), Eddie Wing (China), R. Massole (Italy), and E. Yamaoka (Japan).

The International Tea will be held on Wednesday, Feb. 20, from 4:00 to 6:00 p.m., in Convocation Hall. Mrs. R. C. Wallace will be hostess at this, one of the outstanding features of International Week. It will be under the auspices of the S.C.M. Handicraft, distinctive of various nationalities, will feature the decorations. A program of folk dances and music has been arranged. Everyone is invited to have tea while listening to the strains of "In a Persian Market," "A Chinese Lullaby," "A German Drinking Song," or what have you. Join with the students throughout the world in observance of International Week by having tea with us on Wednesday.

UBYSSEY EDITS VANCOUVER "SUN"

Staff of Student Paper Puts Out Local Daily

An echo of the devastating storm which several weeks ago did tremendous damage on the University of British Columbia campus is heard in a story appearing in the February 5th edition of the Ubysey, official student publication, which announces that immediate repairs are to be made to the damaged Marine drive. The ravine which was eroded by rushing flood waters is to be filled in, this fill replacing the two bridges which were washed away. Work is being rushed on the reconstruction project since upon its completion hinges restoration of the normal drainage system of the university grounds. At present drainage is being carried off by a temporary system which is costing the university sixty dollars a day to operate. A survey of damages on the U.B.C. grounds was made by officials of the British Columbia Department of Public Works, and an estimate of the damages was placed at \$100,000.00.

The students at the coast university have been fostering since the storms a drive to collect funds in aid of the devastated regions of the lower Fraser valley. Several days' work resulted in the collection of \$38.47, a little over two cents per student. The small amount of money collected was the subject of a sarcastic editorial in the Feb. 8 edition of the Ubysey.

Engineers Give Demonstration

Two recent events at the University of British Columbia are of very general interest. One was the so-called "Open House" sponsored by the Engineering Students' Society in connection with British Columbia's Education Week. The "open house" held on Saturday, February 9, consisted in demonstrations and exhibits of the work done in different branches of engineering, including chemical, civil, mechanical, electrical, mining and metallurgical engineering, geology and forestry. Demonstrations which were in charge of senior students of the departments concerned included everything from a complete demonstration of mining procedures to exhibits of short-wave radio and motion pictures of the lumbering industry. Outside visitors were especially invited, and special arrangements were made to guide them over the campus.

Ubysey Staff Edits Vancouver "Sun"

Another event of wide interest was the taking over of a complete edition of the Vancouver "Sun" by the staff of the Ubysey. This occasion was apparently greatly enjoyed by all, even by the members of the Ubysey staff, who had to be "on deck" at 6 a.m. in order to get to the work under way. Apparently there have been no serious repercussions from the whole business as yet. Student lethargy is not confined to the University of Alberta by any means, for we read in the Ubysey: "Alan Morley subbed for Bob Bouchette on the editorial page with a column of dirty diatribes aimed at the lethargical state of Varsity (U.B.C.) students. He partly explained the cause of this by pointing out the fact that the 'down-town' attitude towards the students tends to squash individuality."

Dramatic Society Travels

Apparently the Dramatic Society at U.B.C. travels in a really big way. According to the Ubysey, the Players' Club is attempting to make arrangements to take a play through nearly all the cities and towns of importance in British Columbia this spring. The projected schedule includes Duncan, Jomox, Courtenay and Qualicum Beach on Vancouver Island, Powell River on the coast, New Westminster and Chilliwack in the lower Fraser Valley, and Kamloops, Vernon, Trail, Kelowna, Fernie, Nelson, Penticton, Revelstoke, and Grand Forks in the interior. The Players' Club has put on productions in all of these towns at various times in the past. An ambitious project to take the U.B.C. Spring Play to Calgary and Edmonton is also under discussion.

Stadium Project Shelved

At a recent meeting of the U.B.C. Students' Union called to discuss the stadium question, a vote was registered in favor of proceeding with the necessary repairs to the playing field to ensure adequate drainage. However, it was finally decided not to proceed with any proposal to build an expensive stadium until such time as it should be certain that the drainage project would be adequate to provide a satisfactory playing surface on the field.

I SAW THIS WEEK

Lois Whitby under a table at Tuck. A Freshman earning a dollar by going to Tuck in his pajamas. Willie Scott asking Harold Riley to purchase some valentines for him. Harold Riley warning Betty Gravely about the writer of I Saw This Week.

man Drinking Song," or what have you. Join with the students throughout the world in observance of International Week by having tea with us on Wednesday.



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, Published by The Students' Union of the University of Alberta

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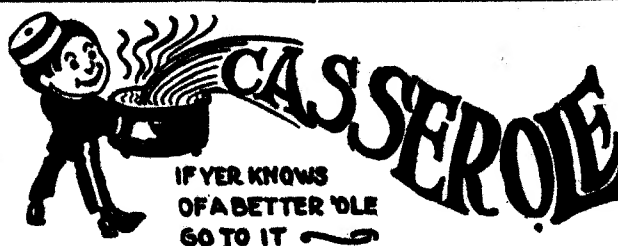
Mr. Julian Huxley, in his lecture at the University, suggested that one need of present day civilization was a better understanding of the use of leisure for all classes. It was suggested that such a problem should be studied scientifically. Unquestionably the tendency is to shorten the working day as well as the number of working days in the week. With the present advance in technical inventions and the increasing efficiency of production, it may be that the time is not far distant when the working man and laborer will be able to earn their livelihood in twenty hours out of the one hundred and sixty-eight in the week. In such a case there would be a very grave problem to be faced. What would all these men do with their time? Would they use it in any profitable occupation, or would it be merely wasted? The average person is not yet ready for any considerable amount of leisure, and still no effort is being made to prepare him. One of the greatest needs of the Canadian people is a bureau to study such social questions.

The University of Alberta has been in existence for twenty-seven years, and yet there is not, in the student body, a very widespread knowledge of the University's history. It is regrettable that such is the case, for a knowledge both of the incidents of that history and of the personalities who figured in it would contribute greatly to the "esprit de corps" which it is present so noticeably absent. We feel that an attempt ought to be made to stimulate an interest in the University's past, and it is with this object in view that The Gateway in this and a subsequent issue is reprinting accounts of the lives of two former prominent figures at the University. Lives of these two men, the late Chancellor Stuart and the late Dr. Frank H. Mewburn, appear in the recently published "Standard Dictionary of Canadian Biography," and we think it fitting and timely that these accounts be reproduced in The Gateway, for they are lives of men, who were not only important in the history of this University, but who were also outstanding pioneers in the history of the nation.

AMERICANISM

A shining example of Americanism and sensationalism is the use made by the distributors of news reel photographs of the privilege of making motion pictures in the courthouse at the Hauptmann trial. Recently in Edmonton a reel was shown containing pictures of Mrs. Lindberg on the stand handling and identifying fragments of garments worn by her slain child. Isn't it bad enough for a respectable citizen of a great republic to have the touching little incidents of her grief emblazoned in the country's headlines without having them flashed on the screen in sound and picture in every theatre across the continent? In British jurisdiction the taking of pictures in a courthouse would be adjudged a contempt and the offender severely punished.

Another flagrant example of Americanism, the recent Seth Parker incident, reminds us of the story we studied in the early years of public school of the boy who cried "Wolf," and of the moral that story contained. The schooner "Seth Parker" was sailing in the South Pacific as part of a publicity scheme, and evidently being unsuccessful therein sought to arouse interest by other means. It broadcast a series of S.O.S. calls and sat back to await the result. The cruiser H.M.A.S. Australia, carrying the Duke of Gloucester, rushed to the rescue, only to find the Seth Parker in a calm sea and apparently in no danger. It is reported that later the Seth Parker broadcast to the United States a colorful description of the cruiser standing by with a royal prince aboard and waiting to give aid. Australian reports suggest that the action of the schooner was just a hoax and a publicity stunt. If the ship were not in distress its master unnecessarily abused the unwritten law of the brotherhood of the sea, and should be severely reprimanded by his home government and be refused permission to hold on official position on a vessel bearing



The Sailors Beloved

A gay and handsome sailor man,
Lay on a bed of pain,
All hope had passed; his life ebbed fast,
Ne'er would he rise again.
"Have you no sweetheart fair and true?"
They whisper o'er his bed,
"Whom you would tell a last adieu?"
The young man softly said:

"There's Betty back in Bremerton,
Juanita in Mexico,
There's Sally in Seattle town
And Beatrice in Bordeaux;
At Hampton Roads there's Harriet,
Whom I must surely see;
And Nellie, too, at Newport News,
Please bring them all to me."

The watchers stared in wild surprise,
And then they once more said:
"Come tell us, pray, without delay,
The girl that you adore;
The girl whom you have sworn to love,
And bring both wealth and fame;
Your promised wife—your hope and life,
Quick, let us hear her name."

"There's Lily at Long Beach," he said,
"And Daisy, dear, in 'Diego,'
There's Lucy in Los Angeles,
And Pauline in San Pedro,
Barbara, dear, in Brooklyn,
And Susie in Saint Paul."
The young man sighed, "It's time I died,"
I've sworn to wed them all."

Nancy Evans (rapturously)—The man I marry must be strong—a silent man, a man with grit.
Jimmy Stafford (disgustedly)—What you want is a deaf and dumb ashman.

A travelling salesman visited a small one-horse town (no reference is being made to Calgary—we just received a special wire saying their horse had died) and sold the proprietor of its general store an order of jewellery.

When the jewellery arrived it was not as represented, and the merchant returned it. But the wholesale house, nevertheless, attempted to collect the bill, and drew a sight draft on the merchant through the local bank, which returned the draft unhonored.

The wholesalers then wrote to the postmaster inquiring about the financial standing of the merchant and the postmaster replied laconically that it was "O.K."

By return mail the wholesalers requested him to "hand the enclosed account to the leading lawyer" of the place for collection.

This is the reply they received:

"The undersigned is the merchant on whom you attempted to palm off your worthless goods.

"The undersigned is the postmaster to whom you wrote, and the undersigned is the lawyer whose service you sought to obtain for your nefarious business.

"If the undersigned was not also the pastor of the church at this place, he would tell you to go to Hell!"

When Smith reported for work the day after his wife had presented him with triplets, the boss called him into the office and handed him a silver cup in recognition of the triple blessing he had bestowed upon his country. Smith received the gift in rather an embarrassed manner. "Thanks very much, sir," he said, turning to his employer. "But—er—is this cup mine now, or do I have to win it three years in succession?"

The doctor was summoned to the telephone. "Come at once!" came an agonized voice at the other end. "My little boy has swallowed my pencil!"

"All right," said the doctor, "I'll come immediately. What are you doing in the meantime?"
"Using my fountain pen."

Mrs. Jones was leaning against the doorpost of her house when her friend, Mrs. Carr happened along, bearing in her arms her twelfth child.

"Hello," said Mrs. Jones to her neighbor, "I see you are around again with another little Carr."

"Yes, another little Carr it is. And as far as I'm concerned, I hope he's the caboose."

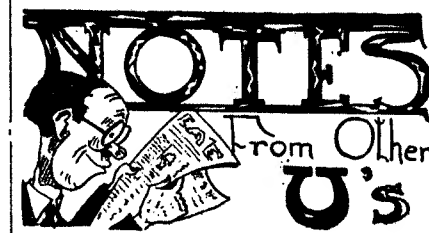
the American flag. The moral of the public school story speaks for itself. It is time the American people ceased allowing these propagandists to make fools of them in the eyes of the world.

THE CALICO CAT

Have you heard the sad plight of the dragon in the National Zoo at Washington, D.C.? Yes, of course I'm serious—no, you brute, I have not had too much catnip—and who ever heard of a cat being hung-over anyway? There really is a regular rip-snorting dragon with a long pink tongue that darts around so fast you'd think flames were issuing forth just as dangerously as ever they did in the legends. At least there is, if Alexander Woolcott can be relied on, and who is the dastard to deny his reliability? This particular dragon (shall we call it Lizzie—and be done with it?) is one of the giant lizards that are found in a certain portion of the island of Borneo. And Lizzie has good cause to be a Lonely Liz because she is the only one of her family that has managed to survive in captivity. And now we come to the sad part of our tale. Being naturally a home-loving soul, Liz missed her nice slimy cave in Borneo, and when she started thinking of all her brother and sister dragons it was too much. She began to pine away. Winter was coming on—and she wouldn't eat a thing. The keeper was worried. He bethought himself of modern science, and what do you suppose he bethought? He had grown so fond of Liz he felt as though she were an ailing child, and then the master thought struck his master mind. What would he give a child that refused to eat? Sulphur and molasses? No. A good rawhiding? Well, not in this particular case. But of course—Squibb's Special—the Pride of Norway—the Horror of Childhood—Cod-Liver Oil. So Liz was fed her oil—and she thrived on it. Her eyes grew brighter, her tongue flashed happily—food became something to be anticipated—and her keeper felt a weight, an enormous weight, lifted. Now Liz is cheerfully enjoying daily rations of fish oil and basks regularly under a violet ray Sun-Lamp, and the National Zoo is beaming because it is so clever and so exclusive. But just imagine the poor dragon—cod liver oil three times a day, without benefit of capsules.

Long, long ago when I was a dear little thing with no lectures to skip and no column to fill, I had a rabbit. That in itself is not startling, I confess—really hardly worth mentioning—the really vital thing about it is that gambling on the green (I must have been a bit of a lamb as well), stroking his silky fur, etc., etc., left a definite mark on me. Ever since, large ears and pink eyes, wherever I meet them, result in complete and devastating nostalgia. In idle moments I have contemplated writing an ode or two to the dear deceased—but have never quite managed to get beyond the contemplative stage. My failure, however, hasn't made me bitter. Oh! no! Quite the contrary. To this very day, my heart leaps up when I behold a sonnet on a hare. Ogden Nash's masterpiece of condensation:

This is rabbits
But not of better habits.
Has kept me going for year—and just now, when the effects were beginning to wear off, writing in the New Yorker, Mildred Weston has fulfilled all suppressed desires by her:
A WORD TO RABBITS
All summer long
With pirate ease
You stole my lettuce,
Filched my peas,
So now
I buy a lapkin skin
To wrap
My indignation in.



Co-ed Week Announcement

A step into the dark. Down through the pages of time they have come trooping. Almost every advance of civilization was a step into the dark; a blind, hazardous plunge into the unknown. There is something tense, gripping, pregnant, about beginning a venture the outcome of which can only be vaguely guessed at; something deliciously horrible, like falling off a cliff in a dream and waiting expectantly for the landing. Columbus took a step into the dark; so did Martin Luther; so did Kaiser Wilhelm—and so does the Brunswickian.

It's here! Co-ed week. The social injunctions and conventionalities that have existed since the Cave Man are to be laid aside for one week. From January 21st to January 28th, WOMAN IS TO DATE MAN.

The rules are simple. Please follow them:

1. Any woman may date any man in the university.
2. Any man may date any woman as usual.
3. A woman dating a man must be prepared to bear all expenses.
4. Any man being asked for a date must agree to allow the woman to bear the expense. His only alternative will be to go Dutch Treat. To prevent abusing this alternative, it is to be understood that going Dutch Treat automatically dates the couple for some occasion in the immediate future.
5. Any man receiving such a date must accept, unless he has some good reason for not accepting. Any woman asking for a date and being refused without a good reason has the right to consider herself offended.

There you are, girls. You asked for it!—Brunswickian.

Male date seekers at Northwestern University can save themselves trouble if they investigate the prospect first to see if she wears a little yellow ribbon pinned to her dress. That ribbon signifies she is a member of the Cloister Club, an organization of girls whose boy friends are not on the campus, and that she does not desire the attentions of any other man.—Mantoban.

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THE VARSITY TUCK SHOP

is now under NEW MANAGEMENT

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During the summer months a complete redecoration scheme will be carried out

We would appreciate any suggestions from students

TRY THE NEW FOOD AND THE NEW SERVICE
AT THE VARSITY TUCK

The Corona Hotel Dining Room

For Charming Surroundings and Excellent Cuisine

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Ottawa.—Speaking at a luncheon, a man well known in Parliamentary circles, today stated: "Members of Parliament are just like the rest of you people." The Canadian Citizens' League is taking steps to force the offender to retract this insulting statement.—Brunswickian.

We will consider a limited number of selected students experienced in team work; will also consider experienced Team Captains for Trip-Around-the-World this summer. We represent all select National Publications of international appeal. For details write giving previous experience.
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UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

THE PENITENT

I had a little Sorrow,
Born of a little Sin,
I found a room all damp with gloom
And shut us all within;
And, "Little Sorrow, weep," said I,
And, "Little Sin, pray God to die,
And I upon the floor will lie
And think how bad I've been!"

Alas for pious planning—
It mattered not a whit!
As far as gloom went in that room,
The lamp might have been lit!
My Little Sorrow would not weep,
My Little Sin would go to sleep—
So save my soul I could not keep
My graceless mind on it!

So up I got in anger,
And took a book I had,
And put a ribbon on my hair
To please a passing lad.
And, "One thing there's no getting
by—
I've been a wicked girl," said I;
"But if I can't be sorry, why
I might as well be glad!"
—Edna St. Vincent Millay.

FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN
THE SPRING

Is my phiz a torrid scarlet?
Are my ears an ochre red?
For I innocently uttered
Something someone else had said.

Feeble protestations falter
On each trembling, guilty lip;
Had I scanned with care each Gateway,
I had never made that slip.

What is left in life for those ones
Who, unlearned in ancient lore,
Write their lines to meet the crushing
Retort, "It's been done before!"

Tho' I flee the haunts of mankind;
Tho' my head hangs low in shame;
I maintain, despite all squelching,
I abhor a "Just Arts" dame.

DARING YOUNG MAN

(Special to The Gateway)

Varsity Tuck Shop was treated to a show Wednesday night when a brave and bold young gentleman (?) from St. Stephen's College, attired in evening clothes (pajamas to you) walked calmly into Tuck and ordered a cup of coffee. Tuck Shop business was so increased by this display (excessive patronage at this point by mugs from St. Stephen's) that the daring young man (Ken MacKenzie by name) got a piece of pie on the Tuck, and probably some on his pajamas. After a general laugh and a hand-clap by an appreciative audience, especially those just come from the Philosoph., the pajama-clad youngster gathered up his dressing-gown, wrapped it tightly around him and departed. As a conclusion, we say that what was probably most important to him, he won his bet.

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CO-ED COLUMNS

NEW CANADIAN "WHO WAS WHO"

Lives of the Late Chancellor Stuart and the Late Dr. F. H. Mewburn in New Publication

(Through the efforts of Charles G. D. Roberts, the Canadian poet, there has recently been published "A Standard Dictionary of Canadian Biography: Vol. I." It is in effect a Canadian "Who Was Who" for the years 1875 to 1933, and is an invaluable record of the lives of outstanding Canadians. The book should be of special interest to students of the University of Alberta, inasmuch as it contains accounts of the lives of two men formerly connected with the University. They are the late Chancellor Charles A. Stuart and the late Dr. Frank H. Mewburn, the accounts of whose lives were written for this publication by Dr. E. K. Broadus, of the Department of English. The following extract is the account of Chancellor Stuart's life; that of Dr. Mewburn will appear in the following issue.—Ed.)

THE LATE CHANCELLOR STUART

By E. K. Broadus

STUART, CHARLES ALLAN (1864-1926), son of Charles Stuart, from Blair Atholl, Perthshire, Scotland, and Hannah Campbell from Morpeth, England, was born in Burwell Road, Caradoc, Middlesex county, Ontario, 3rd August, 1864. From the Strathroy High School, he entered the University of Toronto, obtaining his B.A., with honours in political economy and classics, and the gold medal in classics, in 1891. Graduation brought him to the parting of the ways. Had he chosen to devote himself to the classics, he would have become a great teacher and probably a productive scholar in that field. The classics were to be his beloved avocation for the rest of his life, but he elected the law. He obtained his LL.B. from the University of Toronto in 1894. Appointed to a fellowship in Columbia N.Y., he returned after a year's absence to his alma mater as fellow and lecturer in constitutional history. He was called to the Bar (Ontario) in 1896. He yielded to the lure of the west, established himself in Calgary, was called to the Bar of the North-West Territories, and began the practice of law in 1897. Threatened with tuberculosis, he spent a year in Mexico, returning to Calgary to resume practice in 1900. In that year he entered into partnership with James Short, K.C., under the firm-name of Short and Stuart. In 1901 he married Beatrice, daughter of the late William E. Roxburgh, barrister, of Norwood, Ontario.

Stuart sat for Gleichen (Liberal) in the first Alberta legislature (1905) until 8 October, 1906, when he was appointed to the Supreme Court of the North-West Territories, which under the Alberta Act of 1905 administered law in Alberta until the provincial legislature erected its own courts in 1907. On 16 September, 1907, he was appointed to the newly formed Supreme Court of Alberta.

When the University of Alberta was established in 1908, he was elected chancellor, continuing in that office till his death. In 1910 he was appointed a special lecturer in constitutional history at the University of Alberta. In 1915 the University of Toronto conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.

In 1921, the structure of Supreme Court of Alberta was changed, to consist of a Trial Division and an Appellate Division. Stuart was thereupon appointed to the Appellate Division.

Many of his judgments were notable—notable for their learning, especially whenever a constitutional point was involved; notable for the precision and elegance of his style, frequently interspersed with apt classical quotations; notable for elaboration of detail, and not infrequently it must be admitted, for their prolixity. He could not be satisfied merely to record his findings. He knew no short cuts. His judgments were ratiocinative processes, arguments with himself, recorded "currente calamo." With his characteristic self-exposing humour, he mocked at his own habit: "Don't you remember the book I wrote on that subject?" he would say to his fellow-judges of some of these cases; but the habit of prolixity continued unabated.

Of his career as trial judge before he was transferred to the Appellate Division, it has been said that his findings of fact were generally more open to criticism than his conclusions of law. He was perhaps not a very good judge of human nature. Beneath his brusqueness of manner he was very tender-hearted. He was so honest himself that he found it difficult to attri-

bute dishonesty. He was frequently swayed by his sympathy with the under-dog. And as a trial judge he was given to ignoring the arguments of counsel and basing his judgment on a quite independent line of thought which he had worked out for himself. On the bench he was a blend of brusqueness and kindness—sharp in reproof of pleaders who strayed from the point, quick then to soften his asperity. "I must remember" (he would remind himself, in the words of Lord Justice Fry) "to give benignant and receptive listening to each side; and when hearing young counsel I must remember how great a pleasure a kind word from the bench has been to me in former years." Lawyers feared him—and loved him.

In his daily contacts, he was reticent, modest to the point of shyness, and withal quaintly humorous. He liked to tell of the thrill which his appointment to the Supreme Court gave him, and how promptly the bubble of his conceit was pricked. The news was in the morning papers. "They will say 'Good morning, my lord,'" he thought to himself, as he walked from his home to the courthouse. The first person he met was the janitor. "Hello, Charley," said the janitor.

Stuart's reticence, his shyness, his air of abstraction covered though they could not conceal, an intense personality. A Liberal in politics, a democrat in spirit, a champion of the under-dog alike in his legal judgments and in his social and political thinking, he was a born fighter. His ruling passion was his Canadianism. He was a Nationalist—with a difference. "I repudiate the idea," he said, "that competition between nations is the Divine order of the world or the law of life and progress. On the contrary I believe it to be the law of death, as the Great War came within an ace of proving." But it irked him bitterly that his beloved Canada should not be self-contained. He deplored what he called the inferiority of the Canadian elector to the British elector—the right of the British Crown, through its elected advisers, to impose upon Canada a governor-general of their choice; the right of the British Crown to choose ambassadors for Canada; most especially the reference from the Supreme Court to the English Privy Council in matters of law. He contended that "the existence of an external legal authority" produces "a weakening of the fibre of our political thinking." He fought for his conception of Canadianism in season and out of season, long before the Imperial Conferences of the Statute of Westminster made their hesitant moves toward the kind of Dominion independence for which he contended, and he continued his fight for it to the end of his life.

There remains one aspect of Stuart yet to be considered—his service as chancellor of the University of Alberta. A university newly established in a province just beginning to find itself as a political and social entity presents problems beyond the conception of old institutions in highly developed communities. The rôle of chancellor is seldom more than formal and advisory. The president and faculty bear the brunt. Stuart was not in the worldly sense a shrewd and practical man. But he brought to his task of advising, an idealism, an abiding conviction of the value of traditional methods of education, a love of learning for its own sake, which were an invaluable counter-balance in an institution so

WHAT DO YOU REMEMBER?

Vague, uneasy rumors have been whispered around. The gay insouciance of the Juniors fades before their vindictive intent. Seniors looked amused, amazed incredulence. For, next year, and what a wealth of difference that little "next" makes, next year one hears that the horror of the comprehensive examination may be introduced to the graduating class.

Surely our professors are only too well versed in that Machiavellian art to allay any fears that it might be easy. What can anyone remember out of Philosophy 2 except an unhappy maze of Logic—or out of German Grammar except that the verb "to die" is an active one—or of our sheet upon sheet of notes on Romantic poetry little but a few venomous thoughts on Wordsworth.

Theoretically, these exams are an excellent idea. But they are too sophisticated for us. They regard education as education. Just what we regard it as, it is difficult to say, but it certainly isn't that. And should these exams come into effect we offer our sincerest condolences to those who must plunge a reluctant hand into their heterogeneous mass of knowledge, fearful of pulling out, not a plum, but a lemon.

And the professors will join little Audrey and laugh and laugh and laugh.

exposed to the temptation of becoming merely expedient and time-serving. And in his formal duties, in presiding at convocation and other such occasions

(Continued on Page Four)

You'll Enjoy
A DANDY SANDWICH
and a CUP OF TEA
With Madam Freeman to read
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Annual Ski Club Meet To Be Held This Sunday

VARSLITY AND ESKIMO CLUBS TO COMPETE

The annual ski jump meet of the Eskimo Ski Club will be held in co-operation with the University Ski Club on Sunday, Feb. 17, at the Varsity hill. Out-of-town clubs from Camrose and other points near Edmonton are sending in teams, and the finest jumping Edmonton has seen since 1920 will be exhibited this week-end.

The University Club has some very promising jumpers in its ranks, and

although they have not had the experience, many of the members of the older clubs have had, it is expected they will put in a fine showing.

A great deal of work has been done by the University club at the hill, and now it is possible, with experience and luck, to jump all of one hundred feet. A tower was built last fall out of native timber with the aid of members from two overtown clubs, and at the beginning of this month the Eskimo Ski Club financed a ten-foot addition, making the tower now over twenty feet high.

The car road is open now, and a parking place will be cleared large enough to accommodate all the cars. The shortest way to reach the jump by car is to follow Saskatchewan Drive out past Mayfair hill. Walking out, there is a path going directly west from Athabasca Hall. Snow will be hauled in wagons to cover the hill, and a good fast run is ensured even if it is above freezing. Turn out on Sunday at 2:30 and get the biggest thrill of your life.

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Tivoli Orchestra under the direction of Frank Sklove

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REGULAR DANCE

SATURDAY NIGHT

Admission: Ladies 25c, Men 35c

Varsity Downs Lacombe In Intermediate Playoff

MAYBANK BACK IN NETS AGAIN

By Cecil Jackman
(Special Reporter)

Showing a vastly improved attack and a two-man defence that could "take it" and give it out when necessary, Varsity defeated Lacombe 2-1 Wednesday night on Lacombe ice.

If one may be presumptuous enough to forecast events, the green and gold will be intermediate champs of the province. It is a bit early to prophesy, but after the systematic effort of our team on Wednesday night that conclusion looks like a good gamble.

Though still wearing what, in the dimly lighted interior of the rink, looked like a well known brand of corn plaster on his upper lip, Ralph Maybank was back, turning back what rubber filtered through to the goal-mouth.

Although a vastly different aggregation to that which Leduc trotted out here, Lacombe's combination efforts failed to solve Varsity's defence, individual plays being their chief threat for the first part of the game at least. Their effort of the last period were better organized, but Varsity, playing according to the old maxim that a strong offensive is the best defence, held them out.

The green and gold drooped and faded like the proverbial lily in the third period, a condition which persisted long enough to give one of the local boys a chance to make good. Penman, a Lacombe pedagogue, gave some of his youthful charges a reason to ask "Mama" for a throat wash when he did a "Rumba" through the entire Varsity team and deposited the wafer far out of reach of the agile Mr. Maybank.

For a while it appeared that Coach Al Wilson would need a gargle of a different color, but he rehabilitated his forces in time to pluck the Lacombe counter-attack in the bud.

Here's how the goals happened, and as the score suggests they happened in bunches of one. Lacombe appeared at first to be a bit awed by either Dunlap or the color of the Varsity uniforms, and worked on the presumption that the best way to keep the puck out of the net was to keep six men in.

Rosie "Duke" Ferguson showed the obvious weakness of that system after ten minutes of (to the uninitiated) interesting hockey.

Finding no other way out of it, one of the Lacombe players decided to get his name on the official sheet by "getting his man" in a rather unorthodox fashion. The campus contingent was beginning to wonder what the referee was carrying that whistle for. The boys were having to make their off-sides of the most glaring variety in order to get relief. Once a Lacombe player shot on goal from outside the blue line with four of his men inside it without an official reprimand.

At the beginning of the second period a Stark-Dunlap-Ferguson effort resulted in the first mentioned netting the puck. It was after that that the Varsity spirit well to the aforementioned state of listless lethargy and permitted Penman to score.

Nothing eventful happened in the final period in the way of scoring. Lacombe launched several three-man attacks that fell short of the mark. They seemed to have the angle of incidence and reflection of a puck on each plank figured out and played for rebounds that never came. Duke Ferguson tried to emulate King Arthur's sword trick when he shoved his hockey wand through the side of the rink and tried to extricate it. Unlike the sword in the anvil none might budge it though, and forthwith Merlin appeared and brought him a new stick.

How We Did It

Lacombe—Craig, goal; Hoppers, E. Calkins, defence; Penman, centre; McCaughy, Brooks, Wilson, Todd, L.

New Canadian 'Who Was Who'

(Continued from Page Three)

sions, he contributed to these ceremonies a quality which, but for him, might have been absent. He was not a fluent speaker. He usually mislaid or disordered his notes before he was well started. He spoke hesitantly with long pauses. But a belief in whatever things are true and honest and of good report, a fineness as of the scholar, a shone through all that he said. Stumblingly said, it was always ultimately well said, and amid the vapors of orators and the empty velleities of politicians, what he said was always what was remembered.

Stuart died on the 6th of March, 1926, and was buried in the Union Cemetery, Calgary. He was survived by his widow and by three sons: Alan Roxburgh, Charles Eric and Gerald Campbell. His portrait was painted by Frederick Varley and hangs in the senate chamber of the University of Alberta.

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CO-ED PUCKSTERS TIE WITH MUTTARTS

Dominion Champs Whip Varsity 2-0

Last Friday night the Varsity ice belles met the Rustlers in an exhibition game at Jasper Place. The Rustlers are the formidable women's champions of the Dominion, but our little pucksters stood right up to them. Until the last minutes of play the champions had scored only one goal. Another goal was chalked up just before the bell rang.

In a previous game the Muttarts lost to the Rustlers 5-0, so our co-eds are still to be congratulated.

Tuesday night the Muttarts played Varsity at Cloverdale. The ice was soft and other technicalities were not in their favor, but the co-eds held their opponents down to no score. In the last period the Muttarts broke through for a single goal. Then from the side Jane Laidlaw manoeuvred the puck to even the score. When time was up it was still 1-1, indicative of the play in the game.

The next game is scheduled for Tuesday. It will be the deciding factor. Watch those posters and turn out to help our team win the league.

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